

# Searching For Echoes of the Past

by warorpeace

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Characters: Heather, Hiccup, Toothless, Valka

Pairings: Hiccup/Heather

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-08-26 04:26:59

Updated: 2015-06-28 02:12:52

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:44:24

Rating: K+

Chapters: 4

Words: 9,338

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: One can never forget their past, nor can they fully remember it. Hiccup always saw echoes of his past, and when he decides to follow them, what could possibly go wrong? His life has always been motivated by the fateful night his mother was taken away, and just like it drove him to bring down the Night Fury, it drove him to leave Berk. One-shot preview of my upcoming HTTYD fanfiction

## 1. Prologue

\*\*\_AN: Hello fellow readers. For those waiting for the next chapter of How To Become a Dragon Chief i apologize for the delay. Things kept me away from polishing and publishing the next chapter (namely a birthday, this preview and a upcoming one-shot post-HTTYD and pre-Riders of Berk. This piece of work is only a preview of an upcoming fanfiction idea (yes, for all of you eager to hear it, this fiction WILL BE A HEATHERCUP one) that i'll work up once the HTTYD 2 DVD is released. I've had in my mind this scene for quite awhile and i decided to write it down to give you guys a taste of this new idea (and it helped that many of you support the idea of a Heathercup fanfiction)\_\*\*

\*\*\_For those wondering, Windwalker is an OC dragon from an OC species called the White Fury that will be introduced in the next chapter of How To Become a Dragon Chief. though whether he breathes ice or fire will change across my fics, i plan to include him in most of them. he would be a dragon with a similar build to the Night Fury (hence why they would be considered cousins) have 4 wings, although shorter than a Night Fury's. He also has a distinct ability no other dragon has, but i'll leave it for you guys find out what ability is that.\_\*\*

\*\*\_Without further ado:\_\*\*

\*\*\_ANIII: for some reason when i uploaded the file, the entire

chapter glued up. for those who read it like that and found difficult in doing so i am so so sorry. I thank fanfictionmakermachine for pointing out the issue.\_\*\*

\*\*\_IMPORTANT AN: \_\*\*

\*\*\_FOR ALL READERS, NEW TO THIS STORY OR NOT, THIS IS AN UPDATE AN. THIS STORY IS ON WORK, AND THIS CHAPTER NO LONGER IS CALLED A PREVIEW. FOR NOW ONWARDS, THIS IS THE CHAPTER 1 OF THIS STORY, AND IS CALLED "PROLOGUE" \_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup would be panicking by now if it wasn't for Windwalker reassuring him. He and Heather had been flying North with their drove, still looking for his mother. Even if it had passed a year since he left Berk to search for her he would not give up. Something inside him was telling his mind that she was still alive, and North had been the only place he didn't go looking for her.<p>

They had been peacefully flying when out of nowhere this mysterious rider appears, looking like he was floating on the clouds. Then soon after that guy disappeared a drove of dragons attacked them, trying to grab him and Heather. The dragons didn't manage to pry him off from Toothless only because of Windwalker, but his girlfriend (he could call her that, couldn't he? After all they were together for a few months, and had kissed before.) did not share the same luck. A Raincutter, a species he discovered recently, managed to tear her off from Mistyeyes, her Flightmare.

Stormfly, Hookfang, Meatlug, Barf and Belch were fighting off any dragons that tried to come near him and Toothless, while Windwalker and Mistyeyes were flying near him. He was desperately trying to build up a plan to rescue Heather while at the same time trying to not lose sight of the dragon that had her in her claws.

'So, what's the plan? Our drove won't be able to hold off these dragons much longer' Windwalker asked him, a little of worry escaping through his voice. Hiccup suddenly had a flashback, recalling how his dragons had to hold off the Flightmare until he and Heather managed to train it.

He noticed they were coming near a small island. What was strange about it was the ice formation encrusted on the land, as if a huge version of Windwalker had shot ice on it. He noticed the wild dragons were heading toward there, and concluded it must be some kind of Nest, like Dragon Island was. This only meant that he was running out of time to build a plan and rescue her.

"Wellâ€¦" he began talking while building up a plan, "Mistyeyes can shoot its paralysis mist on that dragon and it would freeze, releasing Heather in the process. You would go grab her while the dragon would fall on that island, meaning there would be no risk of it drowning in the ocean" he explained and the white dragon nodded in return.

"Mistyeyes" he called the Flightmare, receiving its attention. Once the dragon came near him he instructed it. "When I give the signal I need you to shoot your paralysis mist on the Raincutter holding Heather." He saw the hesitant look in the dragon's eyes and quickly

added: "Don't worry, nothing will happen to her" he reassured the blue dragon. After a few seconds the dragon nodded, confirming his participation on Hiccup's plan..

He quickly stole a glance to Windwalker and once they locked gazes Hiccup nodded. "Mistyeeyes paralysis mist" he yelled the command and both dragons dived. The Flightmare released the mist just when they were near an entrance and froze the dragon. Not a second after the Raincutter released Heather Windwalker grabbed her with his paws. As he had predicted, the dragon that had kidnapped her crashed into the ground, surprisingly making the other wild dragons stopped their attack and go check on him.

Unfortunately there was no way Hiccup and his drove could head back, and he needed to land to check out Heather to see if she had any injuries; because of this they kept going forward, hoping that this tunnel would have an exit. Once they finally reached the end of the tunnel Hiccup gasped at the sight. The place was beautiful.

There were numerous waterfalls surrounding the ice walls and ponds under them; the fauna was colorful and diverse, full of different plants and fruits, making it look like some sort of safe haven. The ice walls reflected the sunlight coming from the small hole on top of it, making the whole place be bright and shine. Here inside was a complete different world from the desolate landscape near the outside of this island.

Hiccup soon snapped out of his trance when Toothless grunted, trying to show him something. He saw that the Night Fury was showing a patch of land big enough for all their dragons to land. Quickly he directed them to land there so he could check on Heather. The mysterious rider they met earlier could wait.

Toothless barely landed when he hopped off from him and threw his helmet on the ground. As soon as his foot was on the ground he engaged into a run, heading toward Windwalker, who had just landed putting Heather on the ground. She barely had time to stand before Hiccup enveloped her into a bear hug, his frantic breathing exhaling on her neck.

As quickly as he hugged her he released her to check on any injuries. When she recovered from her daze she spoke up to sooth Hiccup's worries down, "Hiccup, Hiccup!" she called him until his eyes stopped checking every inch of her, searching for wounds, to look at her own green eyes. "I'm okay Hiccup, really. I'm not injured, just a little sore" she said as she cupped his face with her hands.

He tried to take deep breaths to calm down, his erratic breathing slowing with this action. Looking at her green eyes and hearing from her that she was alright allowed him to quell his worries. "A-are you sure? Not even a scratch?" he asked, still needing to be reassured. When she nodded he gently held her wrist as he removed her hands from his face. He quickly let go of her arms to envelop her into another hug, this time a long embrace that she happily returned.

"Thanks Gods. I-I was so worried back there, the dragons came out of nowhere and in the blink of an eye you were in that Raincutter's claws. I-I was afraid I'd lose you that moment" he spoke, his voice coming out muffled as his head was leaning on Heather's shoulders. His eyes were slight bright at the thought of losing her just like he

lost his mother.

Sensing Hiccup's emotional distress, and his body lightly shaking, she slowly began to stroke his back. She had no doubts he recalled how his mother was taken from him 11 years ago, given how similarly this situation had been. Even she was unsettled by it. If she, who knew dragons did not go always for the kill still panicked when she had been in the claws of that dragon, then the panic Valka must have felt when the 4-winged dragon took her away was beyond what either could imagine. After all, his mother had lived on a world that everyone believed dragons would always go for the kill.

"Shh, I'm here, I'm here. Everything's okay sweetie, we're okay. I'm here, safe in your arms" she spoke softly in his ear, both soothing him and herself. He didn't even register being called by the affective and often teasing nickname Heather gave him weeks ago. When his shoulders stopped shaking she slowly broke their hug to look into his forest-green eyes. She cupped his face, just like she did a moment ago, and spoke again, "I'm okay; they won't let anything happen to me. You won't let anything happen to me" she reassured.

He smiled, thankful that Heather not only was okay, but knew exactly how to sooth him down. Even though she had just been kidnapped they managed to lose themselves when looking into each others eyes. Green met green and the turmoil that just transpired faded into nothing. Even now she still managed to be mesmerized at looking into his soft green eyes. They closed their eyes as she slowly closed the gap between their faces, and softly pressed her lips onto his. Her hands slid away from his face as she embraced his neck in the process. His hands, who previously were on her shoulders, slowly slid down to hold the small of her back, gently pressing her against him, the fact that they were in an unknown dragon nest no longer bothering their minds.

They shared a romantic deep kiss this moment, and she couldn't stop herself from smiling as her mind recalled how Hiccup came a long way since they first got this close to one another. The first kisses they shared had always been quick, shy pecks, and he always got embarrassed and blushed heavily after it. But, as time passed, he gained confidence and became bolder; and Heather had absolutely no reason to complain. The way he was gently pressing her against him made a wave of warmth flow through her, making her feel like she would melt in his arms. On their first kisses, he barely grasped her body, unlike now.

She did like how timidly they kissed at the beginning, it showed to her how much gentle and respectful Hiccup was and still is. But she liked more how they kissed now, more intimately and boldly. They were teenagers after all, and even though she liked the gentleness of the boy she was kissing, her heart and mind liked more his newly-gained boldness; the closeness of each other's body. She wrapped tighter her arms around his neck, ready to deepen the kiss as they were giving themselves to each other.

Unfortunately their kiss only lasted for a couple of seconds, as the sound of flapping wings and growls made them reluctantly and abruptly come back to reality. Their dragons, who had turned either out of disgust, or to give them some privacy (or in Windwalker's overprotective case, to look out for any threats) circled both riders as numerous wild dragons began to surround them.

Hiccup quickly assumed a battle stance as he grabbed Inferno while Heather was quickly pushed to be behind him. While she was fairly experienced when dealing with dragons, Hiccup was more; since he lived nearly a year with dragons, not to mention the numerous new species he discovered and befriended (or in a few cases tried to, like with the skittish Tide Glider.) Toothless went near him, crouching on the ground and baring his teeth while letting out a low growl. He didn't understand Dragonese (as Windwalker called their language) but Hiccup had no doubts that Toothless was daring any dragon to approach his rider.

What confused him was how Windwalker also hid behind him, instead of assumed a battle stance like he always do. To see the dragon that could be more overprotective of him than both Heather and Toothless together scared made Hiccup's mind scream in alarm. Because of this he lit up Inferno and began waving around, making the approaching dragons back up.

'Hiccup..?' Windwalker called, using an uncharacteristic scared tone. He half-turned his head to the dragon that was at Heather's side to indicate that he had his attention without taking his eyes from the wild dragons in front of him. He didn't have to worry about his sides or his back, since the rest of his drove had them covered yup.

'You do know that we are inside a nest, don't you?' Windwalker asked, and Hiccup nodded in return, 'We are in a Bewilderbeast nest' Windwalker added, confusing Hiccup. While he found out many species in his quest, this Bewilderbeast was one of the few that Windwalker spoke and he had no knowledge.

"And what would a Bewilderbeast look like? Are they as huge as the Red Deaths?" he asked, recalling their brief visit to the Dragon Island's nest. Sometimes he still had nightmares with the horrendous Queen that was behind the raids of Berk. He hoped that, once he found his mother(his brain refused to believe that the dragons killed or ate her) he could go back and end the raids by killing her.

"I'd say slightly bigger. And unlike most dragons, they are ice elementals, like I am" he answered back, surprising Hiccup even more. So far, Windwalker's species, the White Fury, was the only one he knew that had ice as their element. He didn't think there were any other species since his friend never spoke about it. He would have lingered on this trail of thought, wondering if there were other sound species or electrical species or acid ones besides the Thunderdrum and Skrill and Changewing respectively, but a snarl from a Hobblegrunt stopped him.

As soon as he waved his sword, making the advancing Hobblegrunt step back, he noticed how every dragon was eyeing Windwalker, and not in a friendly way. Worry began to build up inside him as he hoped none of them would attack the Fury. Even Toothless seemed to notice this, as the Night Fury was periodically looking back to his cousin. "Windwalker; mind telling us why every dragon around here is eyeing you like a prey?" he asked.

'Well, you do recall how I said that Bewilderbeasts are ice elementals, don't you?' he asked, earning a quick nod from Hiccup in return. 'And you do recall how I told you both mine's and Toothless' species rank high in the dragon society' don't you?' he asked

again, earning another quick nod and increasing Hiccup's worries. He couldn't understand where did Windwalker wanted to go with those questions, and couldn't stop to think about, not if he wanted to keep those Hobblegrunts at bay.

Fortunately, the Night Fury's cousin clarified things for him. 'Well, the thing isâ€¦ they think I'm here to challenge their Alpha, and they're ready to protect the Bewilderbeast at all costs' he timidly explained. There was no chance they could hold themselves against an entire nest, much less against a Bewilderbeast. And to keep up his tough demeanor would only serve to make those dragons more aggressive.

Before any of them could lung after the White Fury, the mysterious rider appeared out of nowhere, landing between Hiccup and the Hobblegrunts. The masked rider hit his staff on the ground, making an eerie buzzing noise that, somehow, made all the wild dragons step back and produce a low fire within their mouths, acting like torches.

Hiccup's legs began to lightly shake at the sight of the rider. He wasn't intimidating because he was as big as his father, and didn't even seem to be very tall. He was intimidating because of his appearance. The odd painted armor he was wearing made him look like a dragon, concealing every human trait he had. Not only that, but the rider was half-standing half-walking like a dragon, albeit not crawling like one, making the whole situation even more creepier.

Toothless began snarling and slowly advanced toward the rider, putting himself between the mysterious figure and Hiccup. The boy pointed Inferno at him before addressing the rider. He didn't want to cause any violence, but if those dragons were really under his control (which was a frightening thought by itself) then it would mean he was responsible from the dragons trying to kidnap them. "Who are you? A-and if those dragons a-are yours, why did y-you try to kidnap us?" he asked, slightly stuttering because of his nervousness.

The rider didn't answer (Hiccup was beginning to doubt if he could talk at all) and, despite having Inferno pointed at him, he began advancing. "C-can you talk?" he asked. No response, again, came from the rider, as he seemed to be focused on Toothless. "Do you even understand what I'm saying?" he asked, but more curiously than warily, only to receive no response again.

The rider crouched, dropping his shield and staff. Toothless growls became louder, but soon stopped once the rider extended his hand. He did a weird motion with it and, much to Hiccup's, Heather's and Windwalker's shock, made Toothless roll down on the ground, as if he was in a trance. Hiccup retracted Inferno's blade, dousing its fire in the process, before putting his hands in front of him, showing they meant no harm. Even he couldn't do that to a dragon, especially one as possessive as a Night Fury.

The rider approached him, making him and Heather step back twice. "I-we don't m-mean any harm" he spoke with a quavering voice. He faintly heard Heather call his name from behind but didn't speak back; he was exclusively focused on the approaching rider and protecting her should the masked figure try anything.

Suddenly, the rider stopped a foot or two away from Hiccup's face. "Hiccup?" he asked with a muffled voice, although it sounded strange for a man. Hiccup and Heather froze on spot, completely taken aback at how the figure knew Hiccup's name. His mind went back to the day his mother was taken away, trying to remember if this masked rider had been there.

The rider backed away and slowly removed the mask, further increasing the couple's surprise. It turned out the rider was a she, a woman probably nearing her middle age, if the few strays of grey hair were any indication. Much like Hiccup and Heather she also had vibrant forest-green eyes. Hiccup couldn't remember much of his mother, but he knew she also had green eyes, like his. A thought came to his mind: 'could it be?'

Almost if she had just read his mind she spoke, "could it be?" almost like she was voicing his own thoughts, "After all those years—" she added, almost like in disbelief. Heather was lost, her fear fading away as she didn't see any hostility from the woman or the dragons surrounding her. It helped that Windwalker, who was at her side, seemed to be calm, unlike his previous behavior moments ago.

"Do—" he began speaking but stopped to swallow. He was nervous, but no longer because they were facing an unknown rider and were trapped, but now because that small thought he just have was growing to a hunch. Still, he was afraid of voicing out his question because a part of him couldn't believe she could actually be alive. Still, he gathered enough courage to finish his question: "Do-should I know you?" he asked.

"I don't think so—" she asked and by her tone she sounded like she was either saddened or disappointed, Hiccup couldn't point out which one. "You were only a child" she added slowly, ripping his insides into two. He was completely torn apart, since either the woman before him was his mother, or the one behind his mother's kidnapping and death. North was the only place left for him to look, and everywhere he looked there had been no traces of Valka Haddock.

"But a mother never forgets" she added after a pregnant silence. Hiccup, Heather and Windwalker gasped (nobody paid attention to it, but Hiccup would have been laughing hard. He never thought Windwalker could actually gasp) hearing this. She took a step toward Hiccup, only to make him give one backwards. Inferno slowly left his grip, and fell into the ground. The silence between them was only broken when metal hit rock with a clanking noise, until the blade stopped moving.

She stopped; an expression of shock and hurt on her face. He was lightly shaking his head. "no, no, that can't be possible, can it?" he asked, mumbling to himself. She looked away from him, afraid that being away from 11 years caused him to hate her guts for never returning, for abandoning him. Little did she know that he spent an entire year of his life searching for her. "After an entire year—" I finally did this" he said, and Valka overheard it.

She looked at him, the expression of hurt she had just seconds ago was replaced by one of confusing. Heather, who had covered her mouth when she gasped, slowly lowered her hands, only to reveal a giant smile on her face, almost cracking it in two. This only served to

further increase Valka's confusion, since she couldn't understand. 'Isn't Hiccup mad at me?' she questioned herself mentally.

But the confusion she had until now was nothing compared to the shock and surprise that she felt the moment Hiccup, as quickly as a Speed Stinger, wrapped her into the strongest hug he could muster (it wasn't much, at least not compared to Stoick's and Gobber's death hugs he was wrapped before). "I did itâ€|" he said, his voice muffled as his head was buried in the crook of her neck. "I finally found you" he added, his voice cracking as tears began to fell from his eyes.

Valka's eyes widened hearing this, although she didn't dare to break his hug and ask the questions that were frantically buzzing around her mind. Instead, she did what a mother who hasn't seen her son in 11 years would do: she returned the hug with equal passion and longing. Heather just stood there, one arm around Windwalker's neck, tears falling from her eyes. They were tears of happiness, and if anyone doubted that then they could just look at the giant smile she had on her face.

Both mother and son stood still, hugging each other while they shed their own tears. Valka was at last reunited with her son again, after being 11 years away from Berk. The longing she felt all this time came out freely, along with the unimaginable happiness of being with her baby boy once more. She didn't even think about questioning him why and how he had an entire drove of dragons, not to mention two Furies, with him, or even who the pretty lady with him was.

Hiccup, meanwhile, cried on her shoulders, happy beyond imagination. After an entire year of travelling the Archipelago, of almost losing hope, facing hunger, new dragons, bandits and pirates, he finally found her. His brain had, more than once, told him to give up, to head back to Berk, or even to go face the Red Death to bring peace, but his heart always made him keep going, always pushed him forward because it never stopped believing, not even for a second, that he would find her. And, turns out, his heart had been right all this time, and the person who had been the reason he both shot down and later befriended Toothless was finally in his arms, just like he dreamed since he left Berk.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>ANII: i hope you guys liked it, and I'd love to hear your opinions about it. Before anyone PMs me about it, i'll say: i will ONLY work up this fiction BOTH after the release of HTTYD 2 on DVD and after finishing How To Become a Dragon Chief. This fic will use many elements of the second movie (as shown up here) and will take considerable effort into writing it. I wish to finish my first fiction before beginning this one.<strong>\*\_Until next time comrades.\_\*\*

## 2. That Fateful Night Part 1

\_\*\*AN: Hello fellow readers and welcome to the beginning of Searching For Echoes of the Past. Firstly I must apologize for lying to you all. I said I would begin this fic ONLY after finishing How To Become a Dragon Chief and acquiring the HTTYD 2... I acquired HTTYD 2... Also, I'd like to point out that this story is being cowritten with



Scorpion6955, a dear friend of mine which his new story, Forbidden Family, is being hosted by me.\*\*\_

\_\*\*Anyway, now to the review responses:\*\*\_

\_\*\*grandprincessanastasiaromanov5: Thank you for liking my preview, a.k.a the first chapter of this story. I hope you'll like the following chapters too.\*\*\_

\_\*\*fanfictionmakermachine: So, your review is a bit big so i'll try to address it by parts. Firstly I understand it was initially difficult to read. For some reason the fanfiction threw up this stretch rather than uploading the file as it should. But this is now solved. Secondly, I appreciate your concern that I could have given away too much for a preview, now known as the FIRST CHAPTER, but I intentionally wanted to begin the story like this. By the way, this was not their first kiss. Since this story focus on Hiccup, Heather and Valka mainly, it is a bit obvious that sooner or later these would happen. What this, and the future chapters will focus, is on telling you all how these things managed to happen. Enjoy it!\*\*\_

\_\*\*.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.\*\*\_

Hiccup finally found his mother. And while he fiercely hugged her, his mind slowly began remembering his long, harsh and eventful journey, from since that fateful day that changed his life, to this moment...

11 years ago...

The night the world shattered for one small five year old boy, the skies were ablaze more than they usually were. A shade of red that Hiccup was sure he would never forget. A violent, bloody, vengeful red tainted everywhere... in the ground, in the houses, in the trees, in the bodies, and, above all, in the air.

He swore he would never forget this intoxicating colour of the skies. And he swore revenge on it. His whole life would be fated by this night, and in the next years all his deeds, all his fury, would be fuelled by this fateful night.

But the night's prelude started out as any other normal day. He had woken up, he had eaten, he had ran after his father's blurry figure in a desperate attempt to spend more time with the busy Chieftain, he had laughed in his mother's arms as she played with him, he hang out with his friends Astrid, Fishlegs, Snotlout, the Twins.

They played Vikings & Dragons. Someone would be the one lone Dragon, while the others would hide in the woods. It was basically a game of hide and seek, of course with a Viking twist in it: the Dragon and the Viking would have to fight with whatever weapon they brought with them. And then drag off the loser to their lair.

Everyone brought with them their wooden swords, play maces, shields and so on. Guess who didn't? Hiccup. He, ever being the unique one among his peers, much to his mother's content and his father's already growing despair, decided to bring something none of his friends had seen yet.

A product of his own inventionâ€¦

The Petrifier! As he called it. With the little knowledge he had as Gobber's apprentice he built this after carefully observing the Viking's demeanour during the raids.

Not a very confidence instilling name for his parents, especially his mother. But after going into a very long conversation that consisted of few comprehensible words and that seemed to go on forever, he managed to keep his invention, after Valka, coming to the conclusion that a five year old could not make a total-weapon-of-destruction, let him off.

This device wasn't even as much of a weapon as its name suggest. It just basically made a sound that resembled a petrifying dragon screech. That would scare off anyone that would even dare attempt to find the little boy's hiding spot. And since he and his peers were all frightened by the sound these creatures did, he had no doubts that it wouldn't work.

Well, as one may or may not have guess, this is what happened when he decided to use it.

Snotlout, who was then The Dragon, was creeping up to Hiccup's hiding spot, because his hiding place was easily noticeable (what with his clumsiness? Add on that he was five and double dose \_that\_ clumsiness, Hiccup had, initially, no chance against his cousin).

Hiccup noticed his cousin stalking him, since the soon-to-be-burly Viking was far from discreet, and blew the Petrifier. Snotlout, scared by the sudden noise and, being a 5 years old, ran off with his tail between his legs, like a terrified Terror ran from Stoick the Vast during the raids.

Hiccup had to stifle a chuckle at the sight of the 'all mighty Snotlout' running like a headless chicken.

If only the beefy Viking knew what was truly behind that terrifying voice... but he was never lucky to find out, as Hiccup didn't have this invention after that night.

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Like all wonderful daysâ€¦ and things; it had to come to an end. That's when the violent raging skies had come, bringing the slaves of tyranny and hunger with it: the Dragons. He could remember how scared some Vikings sounded because of the abnormal number of dragons, because of the unknown species that suddenly attacked Berk, and later because it had been the longest raid ever seen.

Hiccup had been left in his nursery by his mother when the skies painted themselves with flaming colours. Dragons of all kinds, sizes, colours, flew through Berk, flaming the town as it if was an amusing sport, while the braver dragons landed to fend off the Vikings.

His Chieftain father, the bravest of the brave, was the first in the frontlines even before the first flap of the wing could be even heard. He was doing what a chief does: killing dragons, crushing

Terror heads with one hand alone, and rallying the tribe to slaughter the invading beast. His mother, was out there too, directly doing the opposite of what Stoic was doing: saving dragons from being grounded or beheaded.

â€|Somehow their marriage still worked. Hiccup never understood how, and, being much smarter than his peers, even Astrid, he noticed that the adults also didn't know how Valka and Stoick was still together after years of marriage and fights about whether the dragons should be spared or not.

There couldn't be a safer place than the Chieftain's House, right? This was Hiccup's rational thought. This was just a regular Dragon Raid, with more dragons than the common, right? Hiccup just needed to do what he did in every raid: play with his toys and wait for his parents to return home. Safe and soundâ€| and they would be a happy family as if nothing happened.

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KABOOOM!

'So much for being safe and sound...' He thought.

An overgrown Gronkle came flying like a Frisbee into the Haddock household and missing Hiccup by mere inches, as it landed and rolled over to the corner of the room. The beast was seeping with hot thick crimson blood coming out from its skull, like water poured from a waterfall.

Everythingâ€| literally everythingâ€| was red that day.

Hiccup, out of sheer curiosity, and probably not yet fully aware of what had just happened, got up from his small carpet rug that he always resided in, and crept up to the dead dragon. His curiosity, the source of almost every trouble he gets himself into, was calling him, demanding that he was to observe the dragon, study it, and ignore his instincts that were currently screaming to him to keep away from the fallen beast.

He had surely seen dragons before, right? Not exactly, as one may initially think. He was always locked up in the Haddock House whenever a raid happened. His father was not going to risk the loss of his only heir, and didn't want for him to get underneath everyone's feet. His mother just didn't want for him to get hurt.

He had seen pictures and statues of dragons too, and heard his father curse the 'Thor-damned beasts', but this dragon wasn't like the dragons his father spoke of. If anything, this dragon resembled of how his mother spoke of them: misunderstood creatures that had more than what they meet the eyes.

He reached the poor dragon after approaching it. Its wings were wrapped in bola strings and a spear was stuck in its swollen, flabby belly. Hiccup wanted to puke at the sight, and when he finally saw the dead and pleading eyes of the Gronkle, he could not keep his courage in his stomach.

His breakfast splodged and mixed with the Gronkles blood. It was a sight that would haunt him for nights, and forever keep him from

looking at any dragon's eyes again.

Hiccup wiped his mouth and ran to hide under the table, concealed with the table cloth, and cried in fear, letting the tears flow. He clung tightly to his invention, thinking that the screech the Petrifier creates would keep any of the beasts away from him. At every flapping that came near his house he blew the Petrifier until he no longer could feel the flapping so close to his house.

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Valka witnessed the Gronkle smash into the house, and fear had sizzled inside her, like a rod of molten iron, being pushed into her belly.

She ran with full speed towards her house. Hiccup had almost not survived his first winter, and she and Stoick had yet to conceive another heir. Not only that but Valka, being a mother, cared deeply for Hiccup, and was deeply afraid of losing him. She believed that her son could make a difference in the future, and it was why she taught him her beliefs about the dragons.

But radical dragon beliefs or not, her motherly instincts spoke louder. If any of those flying reptiles even touched her son, she would annihilate the dragon with her bare hands. She would feel no guilty, no remorse, nothing for spearing a sword right through a dragon's throat if the beast as much as scratched her own and only son.

Valka kept running, faster and faster each time she noticed a dragon flying near her house. She was almost there when a huge dragon, which unusually had four wings, decided to land on her house instead of flying by. She instantly stopped, frozen with an amount dread and fear that she would never feel again, as the dragon crept through the hole created by the Gronckle's crash.

Her motherly instincts kicked in and Valka Haddock ran faster than she ever had. With inhuman strength she pushed through dragons and Vikings alike, pushing them as if they were annoying children, to reach her house as fast as possible.

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Hiccup kept blowing the Petrifier, until he heard a loud thud. When his eyes fearfully and hesitantly looked upwards he gasped in shock, and accidentally let go of his invention, when the sight of a huge dragon creeping inside the household through the hole reached his eyes.

He whimpered, and barely noticed the tears falling from his eyes as he kept dragging himself farther and farther from said dragon. The huge beast, with its owl-like skull and bright yellow eyes, marvelled the hatchling before looking around at the house.

His eyes eventually spotted his fallen Kin, and he let out a mournful grow, silently reciting an old rite that every dragon knew, so this dragon could be welcomed in the kingdom of Lua instead of being trapped in the void between this earth, and the next one.

Hiccup didn't have the courage to look at the dragon as he kept hearing it growl. But after two minutes passed, and he didn't feel excruciating pain from its teeth, claws or flames, he dared to open one of his eyes. Slowly and hesitantly he opened them, only to find the huge beast softly growling and nudging his companion, as if mourning him.

By seeing such display of affection and human emotion Hiccup slowly crept out of his hideout. His mother's secret lessons came to his mind, and this time, when he looked at the dead dragon bathed in blood, he felt pity, sympathy and even sadness instead of disgust. Even by seeing so much blood he didn't feel like throwing up as he had felt earlier.

The huge dragon ended his rite, and returned his sight to the hatchling. Hiccup, not expecting that the dragon would remember of his presence, fell on the ground in shock and fear, and crept backwards as the dragon slowly walked toward him. Eventually his little back found the wall, and he gulped when the dragon's face got inches away from his.

The dragon seemed to study him, for reasons that he had yet to fathom, before glancing at his Petrifier. Hiccup noticed that the dragon was looking at his invention, and when he noticed the dragon trying to take it, but failing because of its size, he felt fear freeze his blood. He didn't know if the dragon was going to eat him because he kept making screeches with it.

Slowly the dragon managed to bring the Petrifier next to the boy. Hiccup whimpered each time the dragon scales made contact with his small and tiny leg. The dragon kept nudging the Petrifier, and as the minutes passed by, Hiccup slowly felt convinced that the dragon didn't want to eat him, but something else.

His shaky hand slowly grabbed the invention, and he placed it right before his face while his eyes never looked away from the dragon. "D-do y-you w-want t-t-to h-h-hear it-t?" Hiccup asked, stuttering heavily and breathing quickly, as his body was unable to keep controller his fear and nervousness.

Almost as if the dragon understood his question, despite the stammering, it nodded. Hiccup didn't even pay attention that the dragon had just answered him and only blew the Petrifier. The dragon shook his head slightly, and let out a low growl.

Almost immediately after hearing the dragon growl Hiccup stopped blowing the Petrifier, as his throat felt closed too tightly for him to even breathe. The dragon, immediately noticing the absence of the screeching, warbled softly before nudging Hiccup's hand, the one holding the invention.

He couldn't even whimper, and for a moment thought that he would pass out due to the lack of air in his lungs. And even when he began breathing again he failed to form any comprehensible words. It was only after several nudges that his mind, working as slowly as a drunk Viking swimming, understood that the dragon would not eat his hand.

Hesitantly Hiccup brought the Petrifier to his mouth and blew it again. The dragon, just like before, growled lowly, and albeit Hiccup

stopped blowing his invention, he didn't shy away. Hesitantly he blew the Petrifier once again, and noticed that the dragon, once again growled. Slowly gaining courage he kept blowing the Petrifier, and noticing each time how the dragon growled, as if answering to him.

He slowly placed his invention on the ground, and finally mustered enough courage to look in the dragon's eyes. He gasped, feeling breathless, as his mind marvelled such beautiful yellow eyes. Unlike the Gronckle's these eyes were full of life, passion, and had no hint of rage, hatred or desire to murder. This moment, every lesson his mother taught him became true...

"D-do you want to play?"

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\_\*\*AN: As always, reviews are much appreciated. Let me know of what you guys thought about this chapter. Scorpion6995 and I appreciate a lot the opinion of every and each one of you. \*\*\_

\_\*\*Until next time!\*\*\_

### 3. That Fateful Night Part 2

\_\*\*AN: Hello fellow readers, and welcome to another chapter of Searching For Echoes of the Past. Since there are no reviews I think I can jump straight to the poin. After this chapter this fiction is going under a pause so Scorpion6955 and I can write some chapters. This way you, my readers, won't be getting random updates, as it has been the case with this fiction. I hope none of you try to hunt either of us down with an axe.\*\*\_

\_\*\*Without further  
ado:\*\*\_

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Fifteen minutes ago, Hiccup was hiding under a table, trembling with fear. Five minutes ago, he was looking for a place to hide, for a frivolously ridiculous gameto play while all the other members of the Tribe were mutilated and killed by the very same creature he was playing hide and seek with. But the little boy did not think about that. As he ran up the stairs, giggling, smiling and forgetting all the pain and suffering that was occurring just a layer of wood away. The pained cries downed by laughterâ€| The slice of a sword silenced by euphoric thoughtsâ€| The sniff of death whisked away by a game's joysâ€| Hiccup looked over his shoulder to see if the dragon was not peeking. He wasn't. He took off his boots, and placed both under a curtain so that it looked like he was standing there. That should mislead him, he thought, smiling at his stroke of genius. Now came the arduous task of finding himself a place to hide. The table was too obvious. The chest was too heavy for him to lift. The wardrobe was too much stuffed with weapons (seriously, how many weapons did two Vikings need?). The basement was too dark. That left one placeâ€| The one place The Dragon would never lookâ€| Hiccup giggled with gleeâ€| The one place people (and he bet, dragons) always fail to look atâ€| Up. Swiftly, but not necessarily steadily, Hiccup began climbing one of the beams that held the roof above his head. His time

had run out. The Dragon had begun looking for him. It crawled around, sniffing and hissing. All Hiccup could do now, was watch the show, and the best part was that he had the best seats in the house. Literally. The boy restrained a laugh when the dragon's head nudged the curtain's sideways and found nothing in their place but empty space and empty of anything boots. The Dragon continued its search, but Hiccup could swear he had heard the dragon letting out a frustrated, yet amused growl. Hiccup's bonny legs were dangling off the side of the beam. He could not believe how easy this was, nor how funny it would be playing with a dragon. Why didn't anyone think of this before? The dragon looked like it was following his trail of scent, because it kept going back and forward to the places Hiccup had went to before lightning struck and he began scraping up the beam. And right before looking up at the beam, Hiccup shouted, "Hey that's not fair! Not all of us have a good sense of smell!" The dragon looked up at him. Pure, lavish, joyful yellow orbs starred back at him, with a sense of curiosity and wonder. The dragon crooked his head and warbled, as if saying 'Says who?' Hiccup was hypnotized by them. Seriously, he only now realized the deepness in them, just how intense they were thatâ€¦ thatâ€¦ he failed to realizeâ€¦ to realize thatâ€¦ that he was fallingâ€¦! It was a three meter drop. Pretty damn high for a five year old toddler. Might have been high enough to get the lad killed. He was fallingâ€¦ It was a quick drop, but for him, time slowed and paced out. Every motion happened in its own time. It seems even at five Hiccup wasn't afraid of falling from high places. As he was mid-air, the door swung open, and his terrified mother stood there, sword clasped in her hand, her face was determined. There would be a bloodbath if there had to be. She was willing to make peace with dragons, but not to the expense of her only son. \*\*xxxxx\*\* \*\*xxxxx\*\* And soâ€¦ he was fallingâ€¦ and it would have been to his death, had not the Dragons laid its body right beneath him and stopped his little body from becoming a sticky, gooey splodge on the floor. The child landed on the scaly back of the dragon with a thud. A moment passed him in shock at what just happened, before he burst into laughter. Happy that he had this friend. Happy that this friend saved his life. Happy that he was alive. The sword slipped out of the woman's grip in pure shock and delight. What she had just seen wasâ€¦ proof of everything that she believed. Dragons were not heartless, savage, murderous creatures. And now there was proof. Hiccup slid off the dragon's back and ran to his mother. He clutched her knee and giggled gleefully. "Mommy! Mommy! Mommy, look I made a friend. Did you see what just happened? He saved me! Can we keep him?" He looked into her eyes with such a child's naivetÃ© that to this day, he felt like slapping himself for it. "Hiccupâ€¦" "Mom, please don't kill him." 'Ok, that was stupid.' He thought. 'Scratch that.' His mother was always the one saying that there was more to dragons. "Please don't let dad kill him." 'Yeah, that sounded much better.' She looked at the dragon. Its face was mere inches from hers. Its golden eyes beaming into her green ones. She looked into them and she sawâ€¦ herself? Her husband though didn't share that opinionâ€¦ THWACK! The axe embedded itself in the wood, a few inches from her nose, so now she literally saw herself, in reflection on the axe's blade. Even a few locks of her hair had been cut by the axe. Stoick really had an aim that rivaled the Hoffersons'. "VAL!" Stoick came crawling into the house. He must have been injured in battleâ€¦ she made a mental note to look into that later. Or he simply was tired. Despite the beefy arms, he wasn't exactly a runner. Them again, most Vikings fought with their arms only, not their legs, like her. This is why hunters were often highly regarded. Not everyone in the tribe was a walking bear with fish

legs. "No! Dad! No! He won't hurt you!" Stoick didn't listen to him. He charged at the dragon. A sword raised above his head. His mind was focused on only one thing: protecting his family. Seeping, hot, sickening blood in his side was no pain compared to the agony if he lost his wife and/or son. He wouldn't let that demon make that happen! Ever. The beast roared with fire spewing from its throat and venomous hatred beaming from its beady, snake-like eyes. Why that thick reptile dared to enter the house of Stoick the Vast?! He would teach that imbecile a valuable lesson in slaughter and bloodshed! Stoic reached out his muscle bulked arm towards his son, not taking off his eyes from the murderous villain, but to his surprise, the boy jerked away from his hand. Instead his only son, run up to the demonic creature and stretched out his bony arms, as if to protect it from him. Protect it?! From him?! What had gotten into Hiccup's brain this time?! "HICCUP! GET BACK HERE!" Stoick cried out, no false move and he would lose his only son. "No! He won't hurt you! He's my friend!" Hiccup remained absolutely stubborn in his opinion of this dragon. There was nothing that would budge his opinion. Nothingâ€¦ There was a funny sound that came next. Kind of like, when a predator bird's sharp claws dig into the flesh of its prey and they snatch the smaller frailer creature, ripping it off the ground. Then the strong beat of wings, signals of their departure to their nest and their prey's ultimate demise. Hiccup's defiant stubbornness turned to pure horror in the blink of an eye the moment he turned around to see what had caused this noise and found his friend leaving his houseâ€¦ With his mother in his talons. "MOMMY!" He wailed before quickly opening the door. He felt the air behind his back move as Stoick's hands almost grabbed the collar of his tunic to protect him. The Vast man barely could stare in horror at seeing his wife, his beloved wife being carried away. His son was marching toward the dragon, and he had to get Hiccup before the creature would take him too. Unfortunately fate had decided to give him small legs, and to his son agile ones. "MOMMY!" He wailed again as he passed through dead bodies, of Vikings and dragons alike. But none of them mattered. None of them were his mother's body, or his friend's body. Butâ€¦ it wasn't right to call the four-winged dragon his friend. 'Friends don't kidnap your mommy' a voice sneered inside his head. He kept running, even when the dragon went above the forest, making small, tiny Hiccup lose sight of him. But the boy kept running, not paying any heed to his erratic breathing, his aching legs, his father desperately shouting behind him or the fact that he could no longer listen his mother's screams or the peculiar beating of wings that this dragon had. The night was dark and full of terrors, but it all paled to Hiccup when his knees crumbled and he fell to the ground, wailing an ungodly sound that would give Stoick nightmares for months, and make Valka's name be an off limits subject in the village. Most of them might have disliked the woman for her ideas, but they would never dare, at least until years later, to voice it out loud. Hiccup's screams and wailing opened a gash that very night inside their hearts that would take years, and much destruction caused by the boy, to be forgotten. Stoick knelt and swept his son on his arms the moment he caught up with Hiccup. He didn't dare scolding the boy for the absurd he said, for standing in front of a dragon or for hearing his wife's shenanigans. His former wife's shenanigans. "Why did he do that?" Hiccup asked through sobs, with a muffled voice as his face was buried on Stoick's chest. "It isn't fair. He didn't need to take mommy. She didn't do anything." He continued, hiccupping and sobbing while his chest shakes in grief and newly formed hatred. "I'll kill him." Hiccup said darkly, taking Stoick completely off guard. He had never heard his son speak with so much venom and



hatred. "I swear I'll kill him. I'll tear him piece by piece, just like he torn mommy from me." He added. Stoick knew, this night, that his Hiccup, his naive, innocent Hiccup was long gone. In his place was a boy struck by grief, hatred and desire to avenge his mother. The Vast man quietly raised, his axe long forgotten in the woods as he walked toward his home. Hiccup didn't say anything, and the only sign that he had that his son was awake was the occasional sniffing and shifting of his body. \*\*xxxx\*\* \*\*xxxx\*\* His father was at the Great Hall, hearing the raid's report and how many of his people had died. But to Hiccup it didn't matter. It didn't matter who had died. All it mattered was that his mother's name was on that wretched list, even if he believed otherwise. "I'll kill them all. Until mommy returns. Every single one of them." He said before silent tears began strolling down his face, falling to the pillow beneath his head. "Mommy was wrong. They're evil. They're heartless. They're deceiving creatures." He muttered. "Mommy was wrongâ€¦ if only I had knownâ€¦" he quietly cried. "I will avange youâ€¦ I swear by my blood." he spoke, so quietly that even he couldn't hear it. His body's exhaustion finally caught him and he felt his consciousness slip away. He wouldn't sleep well. He knew it. But he couldn't resist his body's desire to sleep. Because, after all, losing your mommy rips apart your heart, until all that is left is a mess of blood, bleeding gashes, mauled flesh and grief. His body needed to assert the damage done, and to do so, he needed to sleep.

#### 4. Note

\_\*\*Hello my friends. Before I begin to say what I have to I would like to apologize for all of you that come expecting a new chapter, only to find an Author's Note instead. Anyway, this story is currently on \*\*\_\_\*\*HIATUS\*\*\_\_\*\* until I find another \*\*\_\_\*\*COWRITER,\*\*\_\_\*\* since the last one had to bail out due to school obligations. I'm currently working on two stories, How To Let It Go and How To Become a Dragon Chief, so i don't really have how to keep writing this one while writing these two. If any of you would like to cowrite it with me, or know someone that would like to, please, send a PM to me, or even let a review here expressing your wishes.\*\*\_

\_\*\*For those wondering what this story is about: it's a sort of Hiccup runaway, except that he doesn't really run away to not face the Nightmare, but instead leaves Berk to search for his mother, suspicious that she didn't die when she was taken by the dragons as his village thinks.\*\*\_

\*\*\_Noctus Fury: I'll keep an eye on this, although I'm fairly sure that I don't make this mistake now-a-days. And no, he just has Inferno, his armor is rather different from the HTTYD 2 or even Race to the Edge, and yes, I intentionally did that. I understand your reasoning, but it is rather inaccurate, since he DOES think she is alive, which is why he left Berk in the first place. And thanks, while I cannot say for sure that no one has paired someone with the Nightmare, I do agree that it is a really cool idea to have Heather, of everyone, riding him. I wouldn't say Windwalker is Hiccup's, more like that the White Fury is himself's. And don't worry, I won't pair Astrid with any OC's I'm not really sure what do you mean that you miss me, since I just uploaded HTBADDC twice this month, but I appreciate the feeling. Hope to see you again soon.\*\*\_

End  
file.